THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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LOZENGES

ORM LOZENGES are the greatest ... for strengthening the stomach ... digestion and dulness ... 50 ... Dr. Sherman's Lozenges. Be sure ... the name and residence of ... Sherman's Lozenges. Be sure ... that you get them. Sold at ... No. 156 Nassau street, ... of the most distinguished physicians ... Sherman's Worm Lozenges ... no article be known for destroying ... intestinal physicians, was no other ... his physician. ... Sherman's Lozenges ... more than two years, and am ... ders Dr. Clark, Joseph Bates, Esq. ... and the thousands ... who will only ... their great and ... certificates might be added of these first ... ers.

ARACHE, CURED IN FIVE HOURS. BY SHERMAN'S CELEBRATED LOTION

A very pleasant, agreeable and effectual ... ache, Tooth-ache, Pain in the Face, ... ache, Sore Throat, &c. &c. ... specific for the entire head, ... ache, Pain in the Face, ... ache, Sore Throat, &c. &c. ... specific for the entire head, ... night sale, night sweats, and

interrupted the constable, telling Kit (whom his other agents had released) somebody in the area, in front of the other. "Is it a case of murder, or what?"

"No! hear me—I am innocent guilty then am I?" you," upon my soul I am. I, a thief! Oh, Mr. Brass, you know me better. I am sure you know me better. This is not right of you, sir, indeed."

"I give you my word, constable—" said Brass. But here the examiner interposed with the constitutional principle "words be blowed;" observing that words were but specious lies between man and man, and that oaths were the food for strong men.

"Quite so, constable," assented Sir Brass in the same conciliatory tone. "Strictly correct. I give you my oath, constable, that down to a few minutes ago, what I discovery was the result of such confidence in that lad, that I'd have trusted him with—his looking-glass. Mr. Richard, dry pen?—a very slow sir."

"Who is there that knows me," cried Kit, "that would not trust me—that does not? ask anybody whether they have ever doubted me; whether I have ever wronged them of a farthing. Was I ever more dishonest when I was poor and hungry, and is it likely I would begin now! Oh consider what you do. How can I meet the kindest friends that ever human creature had, with this dreadful charge upon me."

Mr. Brass rejoined that it would have been well for the prisoner if he had thought of that before, and would not make some other gloomy observations, which the voice of the prisoner, which was heard threading from shop-to-shop what was the matter, and what the cause of all that noise and hurry. Kit made an unnecessary start towards the door in his anxiety to answer for himself, but being promptly detained by the constable, did the agony of seeing Sampson Brass run out alone to tell the story in his own way.

"And he can hardly believe it, either," said Sampson, when he returned, "nor nobody else, neither. I could read the evidence of my senses, but their depositions are unimpeachable. It's of no use contending against 'em," cried Sampson, winking at the other lodgers, "they stick to their first assertions, and well. Now, Sarah, I have the honour to present to you your bonnet, and we'll be off. And a second! a second instead, quick!"

"Mr. Brass," said Kit, "is in a raging fever. Take me to Mr. Witherden's first.

Sampson Brass looked irresolutely.

"Do," said Kit. "My master's there. For heaven's sake, take me there first."

"Well, I don't know," stammered Brass, who perhaps had his reasons for wishing to take as short a possible in the eyes of the notary. "How do we stand in point of time, constable, eh?"

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"Why, I don't know," said the constable, looking round. "Time enough, I should say, if you don't keep talking here all day."

Legislature.

Monday, March 9, 1841.

The communication from the Senate that having balloted for Surgeon General they had not elected, and before they proceeded to a second ballot they should have the members of his personal staff, was taken up.

Mr. Ashmead, the Lehigh Coal Agent, moved to refer the subject to the House of Representatives.

Mr. Smith, the Auditor General, opposed the reference, as the construction of the Act was plain.

After some discussion of the whole question of construction, and the power of the Governor to appoint, the Senate proceeded to the election of Surgeon General, and the result was announced as follows:

Whole number of votes, 29

Necessary to a choice, 15

Dr. Hamilton Bank received 29 votes.

Dr. Hamilton Bank having received a majority of the votes,

Agreed, That he be declared duly elected Surgeon General, and that the Governor be requested to issue his commission accordingly.

Mr. Ashmead moved to reconsider the vote by which the Senate refused to refer the subject to the House of Representatives, and upon that question called for the yeas and nays, which were ordered, and were as follows, viz:—William C. Ashmead, Jr., Bucks; Thomas Bell, Chester; Thomas Cunningham, Philadelphia; Thomas Earp, Chester; Joseph Fox, Philadelphia; Joseph Hemphill, Philadelphia; Henry Hester, Lancaster; Thomas Hopkins, Washington; Jacob Krider, Northampton; Thomas Leiper, Delaware; Joseph Lyons, Philadelphia; Thomas Marshall, Chester; Samuel Marshall, Mercer; Thomas Mellon, Allegheny; Thomas Miller, Cumberland; Samuel Moorhead, Westmoreland; Robert Orr, Adams; Samuel Pearson, Lancaster; Jacob Ridgway, Philadelphia; Thomas Ridgway, Philadelphia; Thomas Sergeant, Philadelphia; Samuel Smith, Huntingdon; Charles Stewart, Northumberland; Jesse Thomas, Bucks; Samuel Wherry, Lancaster; Thomas Williams, Philadelphia; Charles Wolf, Schuylkill; Thomas Wright, Philadelphia; Samuel Wright, Lancaster; Robert Wynkoop, Bucks; Speaker, Henry Welsh, Adams—29.

So the question was decided in the affirmative

THE OLIO.

Marriage by Proxy.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THAT CEREMONY IN THE DARK AGES.

In marriage by proxy it was formerly the custom for the proxy to introduce his right leg to the linen into the bed of the person he was to be married. Louis de Bourbon, who married the Princess Marie de Bourgogne, daughter of Charles, duke of Bourgogne, by the duke of Cleves, his proxy, Maximilian, performed this ceremony. The object of the ceremony was to render the marriage more certain. It being supposed that the princess could not refuse to be bedded to the limb of a man, could not depart from her engagement and take another husband. It is said that the Archduke Maximilian was married by proxy to Anne de Bretagne, who, nevertheless, afterwards married Charles the Eighth of France, and Louis the Twelfth of Orleans never having been consummated. But, from a scruple of conscience, or some other cause, his holiness rules that it was necessary to have recourse to the opinions of many theologians, and to examples drawn from holy writ, before the lady could be bedded to insure the proposition of her marriage with Charles the Eighth.

If the early historians may be believed, the first marriage by proxy was that of Clovis of France with Clotilde Aurelia having, it is said, married Clotilde at the court of Bourgogne, in the name of Clovis, his master by giving her a ring and other pledges of a legitimate marriage. The ancient practice of placing the proxy's leg in the bed of the bride is long since discontinued.

It existed, however, in Poland in the time of Henry, who, in speaking of the marriage of Cardinal Radzivil with the Archduchess Ann of Austria, says that the proxy of king Sigismund, the Third slept completely naked by the side of the new queen.

An Old Newspaper.

There is nothing more beneficial to the reflecting mind than the perusal of an old newspaper. Though a silent preacher, it is one which conveys a moral more palpable and forcible than the most eloquent discourse. As the eye runs down its diminutive and old fashioned columns, and peruses its quaint advertisements and by-gone paragraphs, the question arrests itself on the mind —where are the busy multitudes whose names appear on these pages?—where is the puffing hand-bill—the gaudy placard—the cunning tradesman, the calculating lawyer, who each occupies a space in this chronicle of departed time! Alas! their names are only to be read on the sculptured marble which covers their ashes! They have passed away like their forefathers, and are no more to be seen! From these considerations the mind naturally turns to the period when we, who now enjoy our little span of existence in this eloquent scene, shall have gone down into the dust, and shall furnish the same affliction to the children that our forefathers did to us! The one will then shine as bright, the other will bloom as fair, and their face appear as calm during an eternity, while we are reposing in our narrow cell, heedless of every thing that once charmed, and delighted us!

A Retort.

When the Constitution was at Malta, in 183—, a portion of her officers attended a ball given by the Governor at that place; which by the way, was the resident of the Grand Master of the feffamed knights of Malta. During the evening, to one of our officers was conversing with a lady of the island, who spoke English, but, nevertheless, which the ladies would call a splendid looking officer, in the scarlet uniform of the English army, paused to her and said "Oh!" my dear lady" the introduce me to that splendid man." It happened that our officer was acquainted with him, so he crossed over and made introductions in due form. Upon hearing these, our would be Brummel drew himself up to his full extent, and muttered in the drawing tone, audible enough for all to hear, "Is he a lord?" "Lord bless me!" retorted the lady's wishes before the introduction. Never mind, never mind, says she, "show him here." This the officer was doing, when the gentleman, indignant, walked the lady, putting up her glass and surveying the creature from top to toe, at the same time motioning back his hand, exclaimed "Ah! he, he won't do—he won't do! trot him back"—Transcript.

An Undecided Reply.

On Thursday morning week, a lady and gentleman, who were unattended, presented themselves at St. Ann's Church, with the avowed intention of being converted into man and wife. Both, apparently, were in the best of health in themselves and each other. When all the preliminaries had been arranged, and the reverend gentleman, preparing to execute his part of the ceremony, the lady (who had, for some moments previously, been observed to exhibit an appearance of indecision) entered into a conversation with her intended in a subdued tone, the word "no great," however, being distinctly audible. The clergyman looked astonished, but after many apologies for the trouble which he had occasioned, informed the clergyman that they would take a little longer time to consider of the matter, and would "call again to-morrow." This was the fourth unsuccessful attempt which the gentleman had made to lead the fair one to the "hymenial altar;" but she was evidently a "shy bird" not surprised for the sacrifice. On one occasion the parties presented themselves at the church after the time prescribed by the rubric; twice they made appointments with officiating ministers which they did not keep, and on the fourth occasion, the result was as above stated.—*English paper.*

Cold Bed Rooms.

A person accustomed to sleep in rooms in a room without a fire, and to seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest weather. The natural heat of his body will very speedily render him even more comfortably warm, than the individual who sleeps in the heated apartment and on a bed that is artificially warmed, and who will be extremely liable to a sensation of chilliness as soon as the artificial heat is withdrawn. But this is not all—the constitution of the former will be rendered more robust, and far less susceptible to the influence of uncomplexional vicissitudes, than that of the latter. —*Journal of Health.*

Wives.

I am acquainted with a great many good wives, notable, and so managing that they make a man every thing he desires, except—and I know a great many others, who sing, and paint, and play, and cut paper, and are so accomplished that they have no time to be domestic, and are content to be useful.—Pictures and fiddles, and every thing but agreeable nose and goodness, can be had for money; but as there is no market for the highest pleasant manners, and engaging conversation, and christian virtues to be bought, nothinkes it is a pity the ladies do not oftener try to provide them at home.

Advertisement.

The Polynesian, published at the Sandwich Island, contains several advertisements of large quantities of merchandize, looking quite business like, but the following are also some small things, and the following among them:

SAM & MOW.

Bakers from Canton.

Good people will call—good bread and buy
Of Pain & Mow!, good cakes and pie;
Round loaves of sweet and nice delight
—Celestial" made. come buy of me.

Secret.

Shakspeare, who embellished every thought, found those family knockers the propriety and good policy of making home and home pleasures the centre round which the heart-strings should be twined:—

"Keep at home and take no old man's counsel;
Seek not to learn joy by a stranger's bosom;
For very true stories at second hand have their fun.
Domestic food is wholesome, though 'tis beauty.
And foreign dainties poison-some, though tasteful.

Wonderful and awful.

There is a Methodist preacher in Long Lane, Bermondsey. It would appear to have originated with such remarkable results, who had been affected with the itch of dress, and, like Absalom, even some of the emperor of Constantinople, Alexander, who married the beautiful sister of Pepin, king of France, named Hildegarde, in which he was followed by the emperor during her pregnancy, having been falsely accused by his prime minister, she took refuge in the house of Charles the Great, where she was delivered of male twins; one of which was taken from her by a she-bear and suckled by it for some time—hence called Charles the Bear, the other being discovered by the king, Pepin, her brother, during her search after Orson, was brought up at the court of his uncle. Orson being a terror to the neighborhood where he was born, was overcome by his brother, and tamed so far as to be brought to court. Shortly after overcoming the Great Khan, Orson married the land of the Lady Fezon, previous to which he had attained the power of speech; and Valentine married Eglantine, the king's daughter, whom they discovered they were cousins.

Female Affectations.

What will the "school marm" say when she reads the following extract of a letter:

"Dear Jane—I am so glad to hear you've commenced to use a nice many sweet adieu tyler but I gushed you an extension of the same. Yours till death parts

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JEROME BOILLOW.

Curious.—Well, Mr. Grocer, how much do you ask for your sugar?"

"Nine pence a pound."

"How much a hog-shead?"

"Well, about forty shillings."

"I'll take a cent's worth of cigars, if you please."

Safe Excuse.—When the question was agitated in London, which would be the safest place to put Napoleon, so that he could not escape? a gentleman who had a long suit depending, advised ministers to put him in a court of *chancery.*

From the Louisville Journal.

He's not Bad Three.

We are but three in a family
Whose looks are matched all to a mile,
Never to wander again.

Whatever good or ill betide!
The birds have left the parental nest
To cross the weary world de rest,
And, like the dove from the ark,
They find not waters waste and dark!

We are but three! and each hath now
A home within a stranger clime,
And on each heart, and on each brow,
Are left the finger prints of time!
Oh! weary Traveling for the soul
Of many be, let fancy or the power
Of memory guard, to roll back
Oblivion from life's varied track!

We are but three! the oldest one
Hath dotted life's chariot to the loss,
Ere reach'd the month manhood's sun,
Or ere'd the noon of youth's glow.
The world each better change hath wrought
In the sovereign lay form of thought,
One cause a world more that love then age
Could thee steeped youth's glowing page!

As for myself, I have not much
To say in fortune's favor put.
It is a theme I would not touch—
It only wakens vain regret.
Fit cadence mine—a murmuring late,
Whose broken strings are never mute.
The low wind stealing o'er its chords,
Making it speak some mournful words!

We are but three! the youngest here
As one who stands on ocean's verge,
And listening all the sad moan of surf
Upon the white and foamy crest,
Or as a weary traveler, who
Whose eyes, like its cage, is dark—
Forgetting fit the songs of yore—
The breeze of memory wafts o'er it!

And, yet, I know that summer flowers
May spring up in our weary way!
Like hers on a spot of earth
As we draw nearer to life's brink—
Links that are left by angels' wings
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From Bulwer's "Night and Morning."

The Coiner's Den.

The spinners were at their work. A man, seated on a stool before a desk, was entering accounts in a large book. That man was William Gawtrey. He was the legal proprietor of the whole mechanics, the machinery of the dark trade went on in its several departments, apart—alone—at the foot of a long table sat Philip Morton. The truth had exceeded his darkest suspicions. He had consented to take the oath not to divulge what was to be given to his survey; and, when led into that vault, the bandage was taken from his eyes, it was some minutes before he could fully comprehend the desperate and criminal scheme, the dreadful forms amid which towered the burly stature of his benefactor. As the truth slowly grew upon him, he shrunk from the side of Gawtrey; the generosity for his friend's degradation swallowing up the horror of the trade, he flung himself on one of the rude seats, and felt that the bond between them was indeed broken, and that the next morning he should be again alone in the world. Still, as the obscure jests, the fearful oaths that from time to time rang through the vault, came on his ear, he cast his haughty eye in such disdain over the groups, that Gawtrey, catching a glance, felt his own safety; and nothing but the sense of his own impotence, and the brave, not timorous, desire not to perish by such hands, could have kept the dauntless spirit in nature, still proud and honest, that quivered on its lips. All present were armed with pistols and sufficient except Morton, who suffered the group presented to him to be unheeded on the table.

"Courage, *mes amis!*" said Gawtrey, closing the book—"courage! A few months more, and we shall have made enough to retire upon, and enjoy ourselves for the rest of our days.—Where is Hervey?"

"Dat he not tell you?" one of the artists, looking up. "He has found out the sleepers had been in France—the very fellow who helped Bouchard to all his fine-frame pieces.—He has promised to bring him to-night."

"Ay, I remember," returned Gawtrey; "he told me this morning; he is a famous decoy!"

"I think so, indeed," quoth a comer! "for he caught you, the best hand to our hands that ever lay counterfeit ever blessed with—*more lickor?*"

"Flatterer!" said Gawtrey, coming from the desk to the table, and pouring out wine from one of the bottles into a huge flagon. "To your healths!"

Here the door sinked back, and Birnie glided in.

"Where is your body, *mon brave?*" said Gawtrey. "We only coin money; you coin men, as there is no market for the highest pleasant manners, and engaging conversation, and christian virtues to be bought, nothinkes it is a pity the ladies do not oftener try to provide them at home.

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